

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE SILVER JUBILEE OF TELEVISION JACK

HIS FACE WAS THE FIRST EVER SEEN ON THE SCREEN

MANY of the fast-growing host of Television enthusiasts have never heard of Television Jack, whose Silver Jubilee falls on October 2. Yet the first complete picture to be transmitted by television consisted of Jack's grotesque features—and that was only 25 years ago!

Television Jack was just a ventriloquist's doll—or, rather, just the doll's head. And the eyes which saw the first transmission were those of John Logie Baird, inventor of the new scientific wonder.

The events of that historic day, October 2, 1925, were once described by John L. Baird, who died in 1946.

For more than a year the young Scottish inventor had been working alone in two obscure rooms at 22 Frith Street, London.

There he had built the apparatus with which he hoped to achieve what many people would have dismissed as a crank's dream, the transmission of moving pictures by wireless.

Disappointment

He had been patiently trying to make the features of the doll appear on the screen. In one attic was the screen and in the other was the apparatus with which he hoped to make the picture of the doll's face fly through space.

Disappointment followed disappointment. All Baird could get of Jack's features was little more than a white blob with three black spots on it. That was something, but far from enough to make television a reality. He made countless adjustments, with no better result.

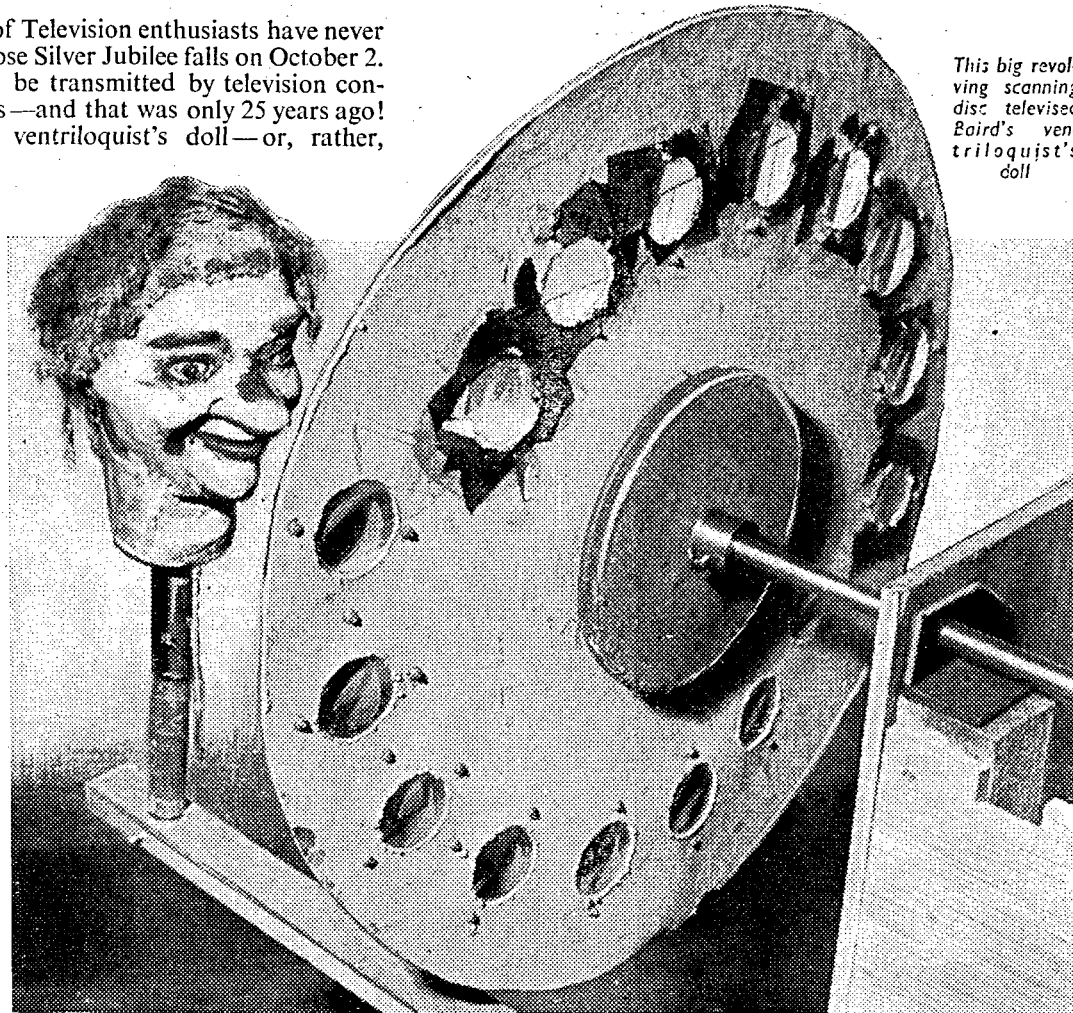
Then, on October 2, it happened! The doll's features appeared on the screen; its head was round—and there was its fatuous grin!

Baird's Triumph

In the wildest excitement Baird dashed out to get a human being to replace the ventriloquist's doll. Dishevelled, in carpet slippers, and without socks, the young inventor ran downstairs into the office on the floor below. Breathlessly he asked if he could borrow the office boy to help in an experiment.

The boy, William Taynton, followed him upstairs, wondering what this eccentric-looking young man wanted him to do. In the attic William was more puzzled still. He found himself in a blinding glare of light, and surrounded with queer gadgets. To his greater bewilderment, Baird told him he was going to make his face go through a wall into the next attic!

Continued on page 2



This big revolving scanning disc televised Baird's ventriloquist's doll

When Apes Start Whispering MONKEY TALK

AMERICAN scientists are interested in what they regard as the successful effort of a three-year-old chimpanzee at a Florida Zoo to master the beginning of true speech. Taught by her keeper the ape has learned to say Papa, Mama, and Cup in a whisper—not easily as a child would, but with labour.

She is, however, not the first whispering ape; Jenny, an orang-utang, at the London Zoo many years ago had similar pretensions; and the famous scientist Sir Richard Owen, who used to see her in private as a relief from more serious studies, left a record of them in his diary.

"She certainly attempts speech as far as her powers admit," he noted, adding that she put her arms round the neck of anyone of whom she was fond, "and makes a curious noise, like an attempt to utter caressing words, opening the lips and moving them as though trying to make certain sounds."

Jenny produced, Sir Richard Owen said, "a sort of murmur, which one might easily translate into kind expressions."

SHOW BUSINESS AT IXOPO

PROSPERITY has come overnight to Ixopo, a tiny station on the Umzinkulu narrow gauge railway line in Natal. For it has been chosen as the place to shoot major scenes in the £200,000 film version of Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country*.

Kraal natives dressed in their traditional beads and robes gazed in wonder as movie cameras and actors moved between their stage props and scenery in the bright African sun.

The film company has promised to put the Ixopo school in order in return for help and advice; and the Zulu huts which have been cleverly built for film purposes will be changed into real dwellings when the whole business is over.

Meanwhile, the natives appearing in the crowd scenes get four shillings a day, the shops are doing a roaring trade, and everybody concerned in the production is happy.

NEW BOY AT THE OLD SCHOOL

PRINCE HARALD, the only son of Crown Prince Olav of Norway, is now 13, and recently he was transferred from a public elementary to a secondary school in Oslo.

His new school is the Oslo Katedralskole, and he is the first prince to attend the school in its 800 years of history.

The Crown Prince accompanied his son to school on the first day and introduced him to the headmaster. The school is co-educational, and there are 13 other boys and 14 girls in Prince Harald's class.

Moose Moo or Choo-Choo?

THE moaning whistles of Diesel locomotives which are now replacing steam locomotives on Canada's railways are proving fatal to moose.

The Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters Associations has asked a Canadian Government department to provide a full report on the number of bull moose killed on rail tracks since the Diesels were introduced.

Sudbury members of the federation explained that the Diesel whistles resemble the call of the cow moose and the bull moose are attracted to the railway lines.

Wanderers For 500 Years

HOME AT LAST

AFTER five centuries of wandering, 700 Kalmuk refugees now in camps in Germany have been offered a home by the Government of Paraguay. About 9900 acres of fertile land have been made available for the refugees.

Originally the Kalmuks lived on the borders of the Mongolian Empire of Genghis Khan, but later they settled in Russia in the Volga region, where they bred the horses used by the famed Cossacks. Badly treated by Empress Catharine and Peter the Great, some of the Kalmuks burned their villages in 1771 and undertook a mass exodus back to China.

Many remained as stateless people within the Russian borders until the Russian revolution of 1917, when they were scattered throughout Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, France, and Yugoslavia.

When the Nazis overran these countries the Kalmuks were deported to Germany for forced labour. After the war they became the responsibility of the International Refugee Organisation of the United Nations, which shares with Paraguay the credit for this happy ending to a long and sad story.

Long-Distance Lessons

"MY music teacher lives 10,000 miles away."

That may sound an extravagant claim; but it can be truthfully made by a certain student in New York, who is taking lessons from Manfred Clynes, a famous Viennese pianist now in Sydney.

The lessons began in America, while Mr. Clynes was there, with a scholarship to the Juillard School of Music. Now the pupil's efforts are tape-recorded and sent to Sydney. The maestro, in turn, records his version of how the particular work should be played and sends it to New York.

THREE'S COMPANY



A friendly greeting on a farm near Chelmsford in Essex.

On Other Pages

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How the Korean War Affects Us All

THOUGH all thinking people must deplore the Korean War, many believe that it has had two great compensations,

In the first place, it has shown the tremendous solidarity of the free peoples in answering the call of the United Nations to help the victim of an attack. And secondly, it has made the free nations aware that they must be strong lest similar attacks endangering world peace should be made in such places as Indo-China, Siam, Indonesia—and even in Europe.

When the Foreign Secretaries of Britain, France, and the United States met in New York a short while ago they must have begun with a thought which has been troubling many millions of people throughout the world—What can we do now? What should we do?

We shall never know all that was said at those fateful meetings, but it is clear that the Western Democracies agreed that they must watch closely two key areas—South-East Asia, including Korea and Formosa; and Germany.

Politically, the more interesting developments can be expected in Germany, where, before long, there will be a strong internal security force under German control and, possibly, a German contingent in a future European army.

Before the Germans are asked to participate in European defence, however, it is only natural that their relations with the Western democracies should be changed; accordingly they will cease to be regarded as enemies and be accepted in the fold of friendly nations.

This is, of course, only a part of the picture of the readiness of the free world to meet aggression. In Britain new, important measures to strengthen the armed forces were revealed

during the recent defence debate. Britain will have more men with the colours than at any previous time except during the two world wars. And this means that extra production of equipment and munitions of war must be arranged.

The debate on the economic side of the armament effort showed that, because the Government will have to make these goods in factories now producing mostly for the home market, there will be a reduction of supplies for our homes.

Again, good wages earned all round, increased Service pay, and the general prosperity of the nation mean that our monetary situation must be watched carefully. Nothing is easier than to start inflation when goods are scarce and money more plentiful. Because of the danger of inflation; and also, of course, that armaments must be paid for, the Government warns us to be ready for more taxes, direct or indirect. These new burdens, however, may not descend on us before the Budget of April 1951.

So we see that the Korean war, though fought afar off, must affect us all. Yet in spite of our new burdens, one thing is certain: they are a small price to pay for a real chance to prevent another world war.

JUBILEE OF TELEVISION JACK

Continued from page 1

Baird rushed into the next room and switched on, and then—his hopes crashed again, for the screen was blank. What could have gone wrong? Were human beings un-televisable? Back in the transmitter room again he found that William, not liking the glare and heat of the lights, had moved out of focus.

Though a Scot, Baird, as he afterwards jokingly related, "in the excitement of the moment" gave the lad half a crown to sit still! William earned his two-and-six, and his image appeared on the screen. Baird shouted to him to open his mouth and move his head. The movements were faithfully reproduced on the screen. Television had arrived!

Baird and William changed places. Thus, William Taynton

was not only the first human being to be televised, but the second ever to see anyone televised. Later, William joined the young pioneer's staff.

In the following January Baird invited members of the Royal Institution to inspect his invention, and nearly fifty came. As there was only room for six at a time in the attic, the others had to queue up on the dark stairs and take their turn.

In 1928 Baird achieved television in ordinary daylight, and in 1930 he announced that he would soon be able to televise the Derby. He was laughed at, but on June 3, 1931, he did televise the Derby. Meanwhile, in 1929, the B B C had started a television service with his system.

Baird's first transmitter, and the head of the doll "Television Jack," are now the property of the Science Museum, South Kensington.

Enormous developments in television have taken place since that exciting October day in a London attic, and great developments lie ahead. Although only a part of the country is covered by the television service there are no fewer than 423,000 holders of television licences, but the B B C is pressing on with plans to bring it to homes throughout the land.

So, when next you are "looking-in," spare a thought for John Logie Baird, the man who made the miracle possible; and for Television Jack

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

HONEY FOR NOTHING

As part of a campaign to sell Australian honey, more than 75,000 homes in Britain are to receive a two-ounce sample.

A collection of 81 letters, notes, and cards, written by Mary Slessor, the Dundee mill-girl missionary, has just been given to Dundee Library by Mr Charles Partridge of Stowbridge, Suffolk, who was a district commissioner in Calabar.

The City Literary Institute of London is to give evening classes in the Irish language. Classes in Welsh and Gaelic are already included in the syllabus.

Heavy rains and floods have caused damage to roads in New South Wales estimated at £3,000,000.

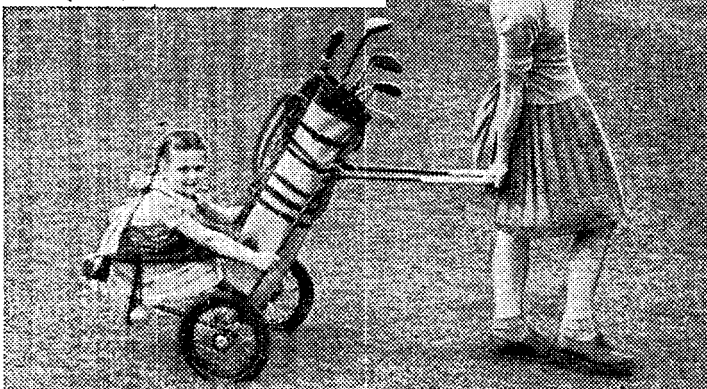
Memorable Pudding

The 241st anniversary of the birthday of Dr Johnson was celebrated at Lichfield recently with the annual supper, the main dish being the famous Doctor's favourite—steak and kidney pudding with mushrooms.

The Eighth Army memorial window designed for the Lady Chapel of Cairo Cathedral can be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, until October 18.

Ride on the Fairway

Dolores Winston, daughter of the Ickenham Golf Club professional, gives sister Angela a lift on a caddy-car.



At Bangor, Flintshire, recently a man brought home from an auction sale a century-old steam fire-engine with a brass chimney.

Pocket money for all children over five in homes for children deprived of a normal home life is recommended in the report of the Scottish Advisory Council on Child Care (Stationery Office, 9d).

BACKWARD WINNER

The annual backward race from Macclesfield to Buxton was this year won by Mr Russell Wright. He did the 12-mile trip backward over the moors in 3 hours 14 minutes—one minute less than the record set up in 1902.

The helicopter service between Cardiff and Liverpool is to be continued through the winter, but the flight will be reduced to one each way daily. Extension of the service to Bangor and a new one from Cardiff to Dublin is being considered.

Belgium's only postal helicopter fell into the River Meuse at Liège not long ago, and the pilot-postman had to swim to the bank.

The entry of 67 aircraft in the recent race from Bournemouth to Herne Bay was a record entry for any air race held in Britain. First prize of £1000 and the Daily Express challenge trophy were won by Mr Norman Charlton of Darlington, flying a Percival Proctor I.

Scouts in Conference

Earl Mountbatten is opening the 2nd National Conference of the Boy Scouts Association, which is being held at Filey, Yorkshire, this week-end.

Special services and celebrations between September 28 and October 11 will mark the 800th anniversary of Stewkley Church, Buckinghamshire, one of England's finest Norman buildings.

A search is to begin on a farm at Romsley, Worcestershire, for the sacred well of St Kenelm, the boy king of Mercia.

Walthamstow Girl Guides have had their own "bob-a-job" campaign and raised £192 for a camping hut and equipment. Among the jobs was minding a tortoise.

BETTER LATE . . .

An American has returned to the Columbia University Library, New York, a book borrowed by his great-great-grandfather in 1772.

Songs of Friendship

FIFTY children returned this month from an unusual trip to the Continent.

They belonged to the Ipswich Junior Co-operative Choir, and, taking *Sing As You Go* as their motto, had set out with the intention of giving concerts in a number of Belgian and German towns. The children hoped that their English songs would help toward promoting international friendship, and it certainly seems that their visit was successful.

In some places German children's choirs assembled at the railway station to give the visitors a musical welcome; and when the tour was completed it was found that 60 German children had accepted invitations to visit Ipswich, although no such plan had been made before the English children began their tour.

NEW COLOURS FOR STAMPS

THE Universal Postal Union, which last year celebrated its 75th birthday, arranges for stamps of equivalent value to have the same colour. This helps the postal authorities in sorting and checking mails.

The minimum postage rate on foreign letters is being increased from 3d to 4d on October 1, and so from October 2 the colour of our fourpenny stamp will be changed from green to light blue.

As soon as possible afterwards the twopenny-halfpenny stamp will be changed from blue to red, and the three-halfpenny from brown to green. This will mean that the halfpenny stamp will be altered from green to orange, the penny from red to blue, and the orange twopenny will become brown. These changes are likely to be made about the middle of 1951.

Not So Fast, Please, Mr Conductor

THE people of Windsor must have felt that an epoch had ended recently when the royal waiting room at the railway station there was dismantled and its furniture sold by public auction. The room was a gift to Queen Victoria on her Diamond Jubilee, 55 years after her first journey by rail, made from the same station.

By 1897 the Queen had become an experienced traveller by rail, but in earlier days, when royal trains did not travel at more than 25 or 30 miles an hour, the Prince Consort was once heard to say to the guard, "Not so fast next time, please, Mr Conductor."

By the desire of the King Windsor's royal waiting room will in future serve as a headquarters for railway police.

THE MACCABIAH

THE Maccabiah, which is being held in Israel from September 27 to October 8, is the first great Jewish sports festival to be held in the new State.

Jewish sportsmen from 32 countries will take part, and the meeting will be run on Olympic lines. Britain is sending the largest contingent, more than 60 competitors. The competitions will be held at Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa, and Ramat Gan.

Your CN

It is regretted that CN may still be reaching its readers a day or two late, though every effort is being made to avoid delay.

A FIRM order given to your newsagent, however, will ensure your getting *Children's Newspaper* each week as soon as it is published.

WILL you please ask your friends who may have had difficulty in obtaining copies recently to keep in touch with their newsagents.

MAKE YOUR OWN PLANE

IN the near future A.T.C. Squadrons and other bodies interested in flying will have a chance to make their own planes.

With this idea in view the Ultra-light Aircraft Association, a new organisation, has come into existence. It consists of a group of keen amateurs who are trying to reduce the cost of flying as a sport and to encourage the interest which is natural to all young people in making things for themselves.

The Association has sponsored the design of three small single-seater aircraft, any of which could be built by a "home construction group." Such a group could buy the blue-print, and obtain all the necessary materials from local sources or it could buy all the component parts from the Association.

Groups buying parts from the Association may make use of a hire-purchase scheme if necessary. Inspectors will be provided to supervise the assembly of the plane and to ensure that it will pass the tests for airworthiness.

CHRISTOPHER THE CHAMPION

COLLECTING flowers is the special interest of children at the village school of Woodchurch, Kent, but champion of them all is five-year-old Christopher Barnes. He has collected no fewer than 258 different kinds of flowers on his expeditions in the countryside and by the sea.

WAISTCOATS FOR COWS

A COMBINED mackintosh and woolly waistcoat is what cattle need to resist wet and cold, said Sir James Scott Watson, head of the National Agricultural Advisory Service, recently.

Sir James said that the nearest approach to the ideal is in the Galloway breed of cattle. He also spoke of different ways in which the question of animals' coats was being studied. Scientists at Bangor are seeking to develop a cold-resisting coat for lambs which will also provide good quality wool, and elsewhere research workers are trying to discover how breeding-cattle exported from this country to warmer climates can be given more heat-resistance.

JET LABORATORY AT 40,000 FEET

ONE of Britain's latest research aircraft is the Avro Ashton, a "flying laboratory" designed to enable technicians to study the behaviour of jet engines almost eight miles above the Earth.

Previously high-altitude research had been confined mainly to smaller aircraft, in which it was found impossible to install and inspect the many flight-recording and reporting instruments. Movement inside was restricted by oxygen masks.

The six Ashtons ordered by the Ministry of Supply have large pressurised cabins that hold all the essential instruments and will allow engineers to work in reasonable comfort.



George Steps Out

George the Robot, seen here with his inventor, 20-year-old Pilot Officer Sale, can be made to walk and answer questions.

FESTIVAL RAILWAY

THERE is to be a miniature railway for the Festival of Britain, and details of the contract for building and maintaining the railway have recently been published. The contract, for £10,000, has been secured by Councillor Harry N. Barlow, proprietor of the Lakeside Miniature Railway on Southport shore. The rail system of 15-inch gauge track will be designed by Emmett, the well-known artist, who will incorporate novel ideas. There will be three diesel-electric trains.

C N Picture Map

RADAR IN THE ARCTIC

SPITSBERGEN has what is probably the most northerly radar station in the world. It has been installed to help shipping entering a treacherous fjord leading to the Norwegian settlement at Longyear City.

The radar equipment is British, and a British radar expert helped to install and demonstrate it for the Norwegian Polar Institute. Working from Cape Linne, it will aid vessels entering Ice Fjord on their way to the mining settlement. The fjord is difficult to navigate and many vessels have been wrecked there. However, there is still doubt as to whether radar will function satisfactorily in the blinding snowstorms of a Spitsbergen winter.

... AND THE LITTLE FROG WINKED

WHILE walking through the gardens of Quenby Hall, Leicestershire, a visitor came across a three-foot snake in some long grass.

The visitor trod on the snake and then pushed it away with his foot. Imagine his astonishment when the reptile disgorged a full-sized frog, which was still alive.

Relating the story, the visitor said: "The frog gave a wink and then hopped away, while the snake curled itself up and looked sorry after losing its dinner."

A toad approached by a grass snake blows itself out balloon-like, to almost twice its size, but the frog has no such ability.

HOME-GROWN PIT PROPS

SOME interesting facts were given recently by the Conservator of Forests for South Wales about the newly planted forests which he has under his care.

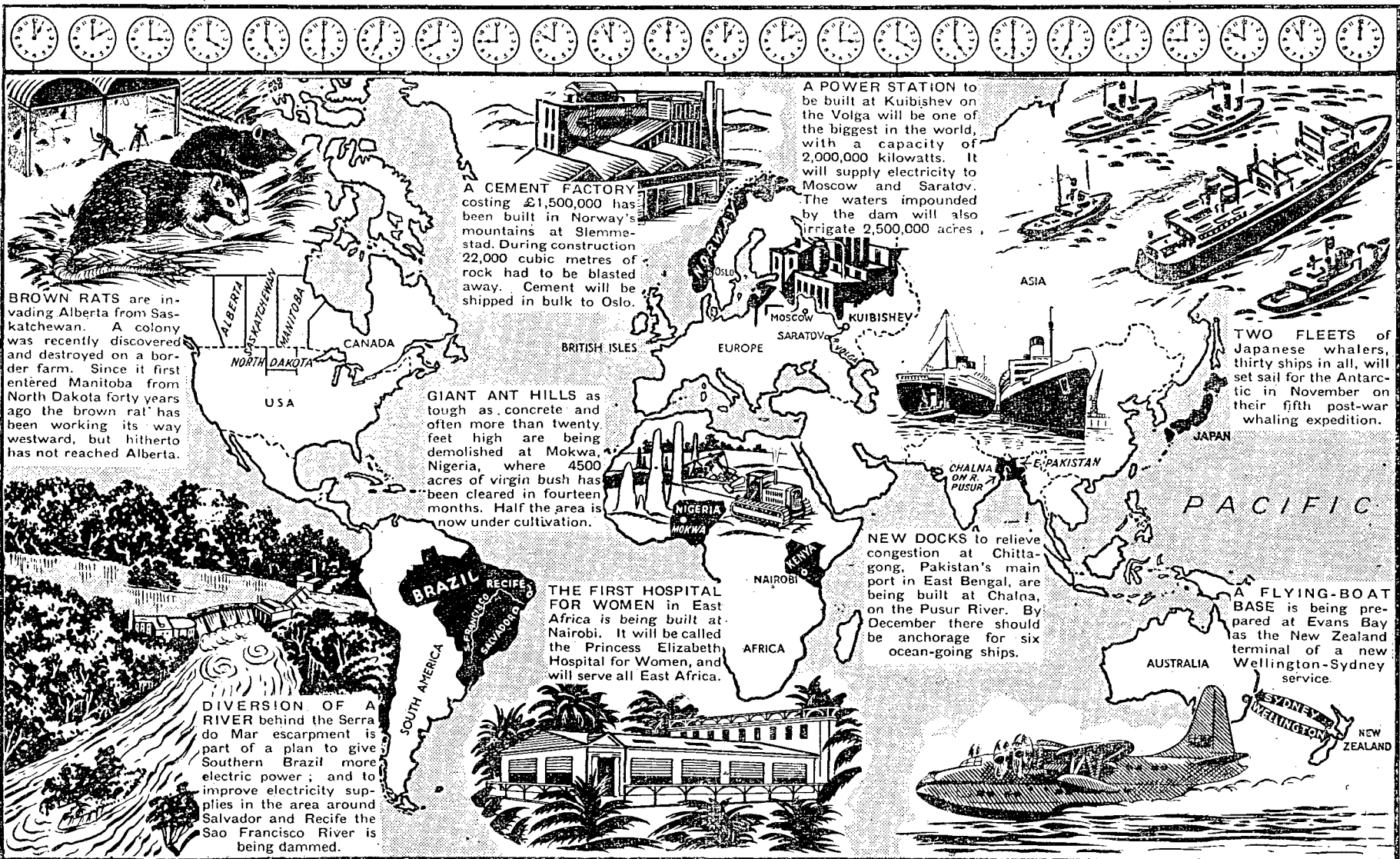
In 1949 some 10,000 tons of pit-props were provided from these new forests as "thinnings" for colliery use. This year a total of 19,000 tons is estimated, and an annual increase of 6000 tons is hoped for. Most of the timber used at present in the South Wales coalfield is imported.

In terms of coal production it is estimated that for every 35 tons of coal one ton of pit-props is needed; and imported timber costs £7 10s a ton, whereas home timber can be produced at £4 10s a ton.

The object of the expansion of forestry in South Wales is threefold: to beautify the countryside and reclaim derelict land; to provide work for ex-miners suffering from lung disease; and to save the cost of timber imports.

NORTHERNMOST NEWSPAPER

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of Norway's administration of the Arctic archipelago of Spitsbergen, the newspaper *Svalbardposten* published a specially-printed 48-page issue. *Spitsbergen's Svalbardposten* is the world's northernmost newspaper, and is usually just a stencilled sheet with a circulation of 400 copies!



THE CLOCK FACES SHOW WORLD TIME. WHEN NOON AT GREENWICH THE DAY IS ONE HOUR OLDER FOR EVERY 15 DEGREES EAST

Strange Chorus of the Blacksmiths

A NEW and rather startling sound awaits Zoo visitors who now enter the Reptile House. It is a loud drumming noise, something like a sheet of iron being beaten by a mallet.

The origin of this strange medley, which is puzzling a lot of people just now, will be found in a small show-case in the "frog lobby," where, for the first time for many years, some little "blacksmith" tree frogs have been put on exhibition. They arrived recently from the forests of British Guiana.

There will be no difficulty in seeing these noisiest of all frogs. For, like geckos, they have adhesive pads on their fingers and toes which enable them to adhere to the glass front of their cage as easily as they do to the spreading fronds of the palms inside it.

The "chorus" of the blacksmiths, who invariably call together, is liable to break out at any time of day, but is most often heard in the early morning, when keepers are cleaning cages and putting in food. It is audible from any part of the house and lasts usually for a minute or so at a time.

Only once before has the Zoo had one of these South American frogs on exhibition. That was in 1933 when a specimen, which had travelled to this country as a "stowaway" in a crate of bananas, was found at the London docks and sent up to Regent's Park. Unfortunately, that one did not live long, perhaps because he had no companions.

THE blacksmiths are by no means the only interesting newcomers to reach the Reptile House lately. In another section there is a queer little "tent" tortoise named Jimmy, who is proving very popular with visitors who go behind the scenes. Jimmy is worth more than a casual glance. For he has a curious shell composed of a number of blobs or "tents" (the feature which gives this South African species its name).

"Best thing about Jimmy is his amiability," a Zoo official told me. "There's a reason for that. Before coming here recently he was kept as a pet by Mr Maxwell Knight, the naturalist. Unfortunately, Mr Knight found it difficult to keep Jimmy at his

home, as tent tortoises need to be kept in a high temperature, otherwise they won't feed.

"At the Zoo Jimmy lives in a cage which we keep well stoked up to as much as 80 degrees, so that he is always ready for the lettuce and fruit which visitors are allowed to give him.

FINALLY, meet Jonah. Jonah is a large, soft-shelled turtle which swallowed a two-inch fish-hook, and yet survived!

Mr Reg Bloom, the collector who brought Jonah over here from Africa, told me that the turtle had been accidentally caught by a native who was fishing in the Nile. The native had tried to get the hook out of the turtle's mouth, but in vain. "Jonah" first bit his finger, then swallowed the hook!

Apparently none the worse for his experience, the "hook-swallower" is now on exhibition, and has a hearty appetite for meat and fish, of which, apparently, you cannot give him enough.

HOMING LOBSTERS

How lobsters find their way back to their distant familiar haunts after forcible removal is one of the problems posed to naturalists as a result of recent experiments.

Lobsters fitted with plastic identity tags and dropped into deep water far from home have found their way back to the exact coastal crannies from which they were taken—even from two miles out at sea.

C N Astronomer describes Venus, Mercury, and Saturn...

PLANETS OF THE MORN

THAT elusive little planet Mercury may now be seen in the eastern sky up to about half an hour before sunrise.

The period for observation will, however, be short, for Mercury does not rise until about 5.30 a.m. Summer Time. As the Sun rises at about 7 o'clock this leaves barely an hour for seeking the planet before the light of dawn obscures him. But as Mercury shines like a very bright first-magnitude star he should be readily spotted in a clear sky.

These times apply only to the end of September and the beginning of October. Mercury rapidly changes his position and, with it, his times of rising, which in the course of a week will become about half-an-hour later. Therefore the period for observation will be much reduced.

Usually Mercury is difficult to find owing to the prevailing twilight, but on this occasion the presence of the brilliant Venus and also Saturn will greatly help in identifying him. The period for seeking Venus will, however, also be short, as she now rises at about 5.45 a.m. However, from about 6 o'clock until, say, 6.40 she should be readily perceived a little way south of the point where the Sun will rise later.

In a clear sky there will be no mistaking Venus with her silvery radiance, and Mercury, more golden in hue, should be easily seen some way above and to the right of Venus.

Mercury's altitude above the horizon is at present considerable, and he is 6 degrees away from Venus—approximately twelve times the Moon's apparent width. But their relative positions will soon change, and in a few days Mercury will appear to have drawn much nearer to Venus, while she will be sinking lower to the horizon as she recedes to the far distance, beyond and be-

hind the Sun, some 160 million miles away.

We shall, therefore, see no more of Venus until about Christmas-time, when she may be glimpsed in the evening sky low in the south-west.

Mercury is much the nearest planet to us at present, and is about 98 million miles distant. He too is receding very rapidly to a region beyond the Sun. At present he appears telescopically as a tiny crescent which in a few days will be like the Moon at Last Quarter phase, becoming smaller and smaller as she recedes.

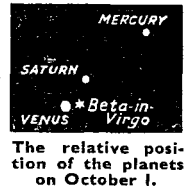
Saturn, on the other hand, is approaching. His position for observation will improve during the coming months, and he will be of particular interest.

At present Saturn rises a little after 6 a.m., and appears just above Venus, as shown in the diagram.

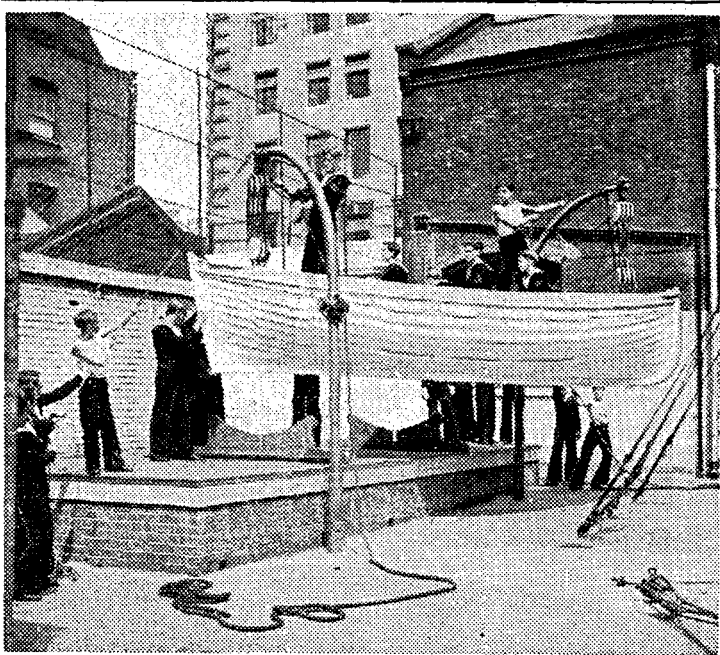
At the beginning of October he appears only about four times the Moon's diameter above Venus, but in the twilight may be difficult to detect without glasses.

On the morning of October 6, however, Mercury will appear very close to Saturn, and a fine sight should be presented—particularly through glasses—of these two planets so very close together. Actually, they will be 850 million miles apart, Saturn being more than eight times further from us than Mercury, and appearing not quite so bright.

In addition both planets will appear very close to the bright star Beta-in-Argo, but by the following morning Mercury will have gone far from the group and nearer the horizon. G.F.M.



The relative position of the planets on October 1.

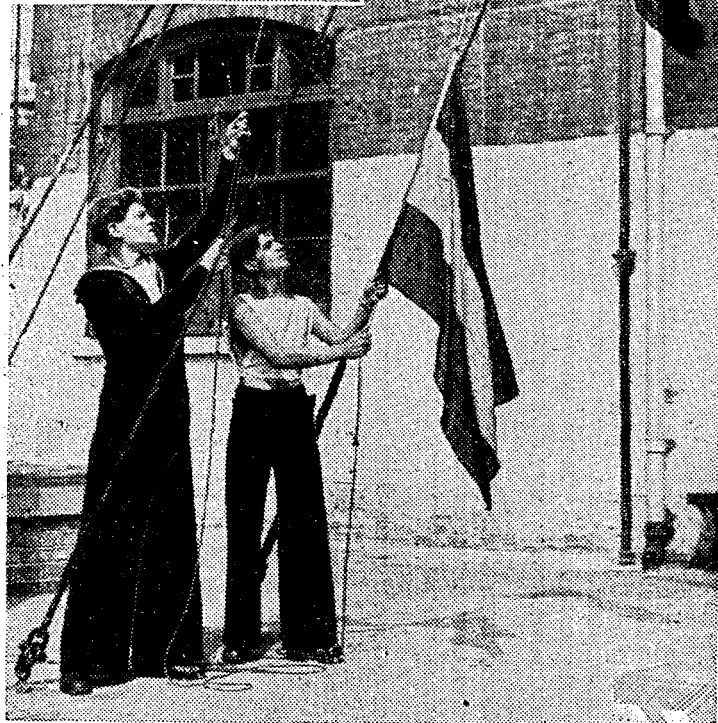


SEA SCHOOL IN A LONDON BYWAY

Among the warehouses and offices in Southwark is the London Nautical School, an L.C.C. training school for boys who intend to make the sea their career. Entering the school at ten or eleven, the boys learn seamanship for at least four years before entering the Merchant Navy, or the Royal Navy, although this is not compulsory. The school has its own launch, the King's Reach, moored at Lambeth Bridge, and many trips are made up and down the Thames.

But naval training does not occupy all their time. Visits to theatres, concerts, and sporting events are often made, and the school has its own musical, dramatic, chess, hobbies, and film sections.

These pictures show some of the boys at the school. Above: Boat-drill practice in the school yard. Right: Two of the trainees hoist a signal.



Measuring Split-Second Energy

THE Radio Corporation of America has developed an instrument called the graphecon, which will simplify the work of nuclear physicists.

The graphecon is a sort of cathode ray tube called an oscillograph, and this shows bursts of energy from nuclear reactions which would pass unnoticed in the ordinary way.

The oscillograph is, of course, not a new instrument in its ordinary form. It can be used in radio and television technique to show the wave-forms of the signals. But the graphecon is the oscillograph's big brother, and is far more complicated.

It can show bursts of energy

occupying only a fraction of a micro-second—that is, a millionth of a second. Its limit is a pulse lasting no more than a hundred millionth of a second. But its supreme value is that it recreates in slow motion a pulse or waveform occupying this infinitesimal small fraction of time, so that scientists may observe at their leisure the pattern of the burst.

Now, to the physicist, science is measurement. Being able to measure and compare the minute bursts of energy from exploding atoms will lead to a better understanding of their mechanism and will speed the practical use of atomic energy.

CREATURE WITH A PIN-HOLE EYE

A PIN-HOLE camera is a neglected curiosity—lenses do the job so much better. But a pin-hole camera can be very simply made by making a circular hole with an ordinary pin in a light-tight box. If a photographic plate is placed in the box facing the pinhole an image of whatever is in front of it will be impressed on the plate.

A newly-discovered mollusc with an unpronounceable name has been found to have a pin-hole eye. It has no lens, merely a tiny peep-hole which serves the

purpose of bending the rays of light and forming an image.

The creature cannot be said to see well, but the pin-hole eye has one advantage over the eye with a lens, which most animals possess—the picture is in focus at all distances from a fraction of an inch to infinity. Just as a pin-hole camera requires no focusing, so this creature can see equally well at all distances, though, of course, the small amount of light puts it at a disadvantage.

ONE particular district of England, in the valley of the Trent and the county of Stafford, has long been renowned for making pottery, and half a dozen towns have gradually joined to make the now world-famous city of Stoke-on-Trent, capital of The Potteries.

The presence, locally, of a special kind of "long-flame" coal, needed for firing, and large amounts of workable red clay (from which the old dark-brown English teapot has long been made) are reasons why this district attracted the pottery industry. So it was to Stoke that I naturally went to meet a potter.

MOST of the cups, plates, and so on that we see nowadays are made mechanically, but a certain amount is still "thrown"—that is, shaped by hand on the potter's wheel, especially the more costly kinds. And Mr Charles Sollom, who works at a pottery in Fenton, a district of Stoke, has been doing this for 40 years, starting as an apprentice at 17. It usually takes about five years to learn to "throw," and when I saw it done I was not surprised.

Mr Sollom was perched up on a bench when I reached the factory, in front of a kind of trough where spun the solid wooden wheel on a vertical axle. Beyond it was a higher bench on which his assistant, Mrs Barnett, kept putting carefully-weighed lumps of white wet china clay ready to his hand. A pair of scales stood beside her.

WE were in a whitewashed, brick-walled room with pulley-wheels and belting revolving and a lot of space taken up by racks with rows and rows of plaster of Paris moulds. For Mr Sollom was making china cups. The job was done in two stages.

First a lump of clay was formed into a vase-like shape and then placed in a mould. The mould was set on the wheel and the shape worked to fit the mould exactly.

Mr Sollom interrupted his work to wash the clay off his skillful fingers and shake hands. Then he took the little wheel off its spindle and showed it to me. It was cut from a solid block of wood called lignum vitae, which comes from the West Indies and is so hard that you cannot split it.

Then he opened a little door underneath and showed me the

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS. Alan Ivimey visits Stoke-on-Trent to look at the work of . . .

THE POTTER



The potter's assistant is pinching up a fresh lump of clay for him, while a batch of cup moulds is being brought from the ovens for the potter to fill with linings

drive for the wheel—two steel cones surfaced with papier-mâché. One cone was driven by steam power and the other he could engage with it, or not, as he liked, by pressing his foot on a treadle.

The cone at the bottom of the wheel spindle tilted as he pressed the treadle and, according to the angle of tilt, so the cones engaged towards their thicker or thinner ends, and on this depended the speed at which the potter's wheel revolved.

THEN he shut the door, climbed on to his bench again, and got back to work.

Mrs Barnett, his assistant, took a mass of prepared china clay, about the size and shape of a boiled jam roll, and first of all smacked it vigorously. Then she broke off a piece and rolled it into a lump, and popped it into the pan of the scales. Nearly every time she had got the weight exactly right—8½ ounces.

Out it came in a wink and was dropped on a plank in front of the potter, who had just finished making the previous lump into a "lining," the vase-like first stage of the cup.

As he took the new lump of clay Mrs Barnett took the soft, delicate "lining" and set it to join several dozen others on a

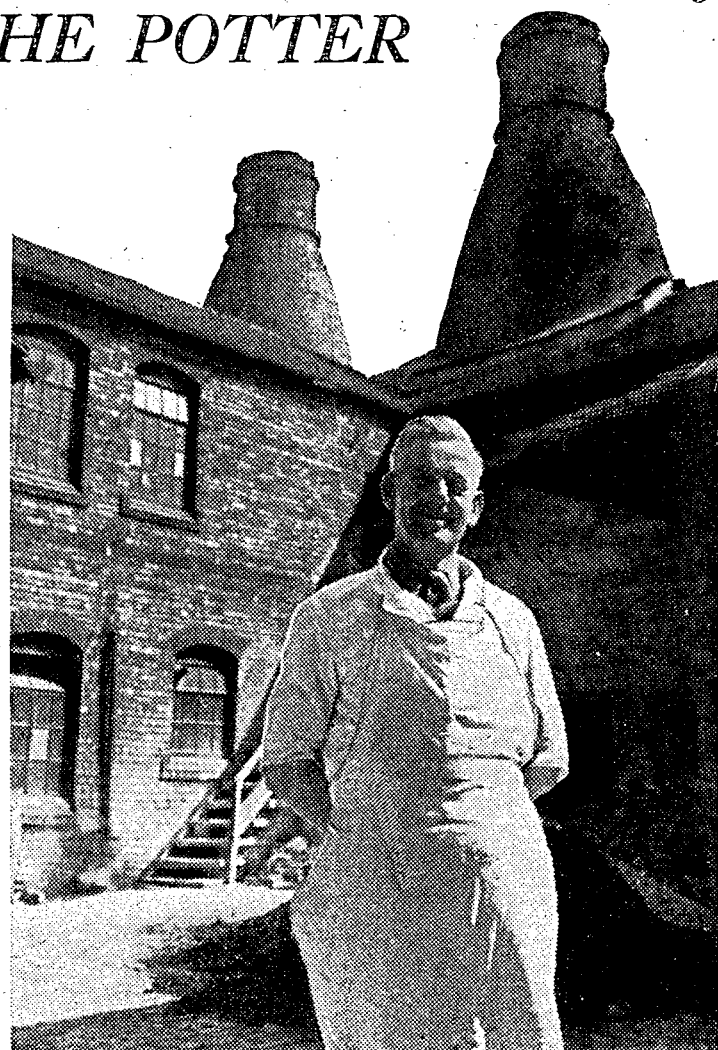
tray behind her, ready for the next stage.

MEANWHILE, the potter had picked up the new lump and, with a quick wrist movement, threw it on to the top of the rapidly-revolving wheel. Then his hands and fingers closed over the whirling lump which, in that instant, came to life and rose up like a big ice-cream cone, whirled, sank again under those subtle fingers, and then took the shape of a squat cylinder.

Then down went the potter's thumb and the white, wet clay grew up again, like a flower, into the shape of a trumpet. Very gently the fingers moved, and every now and then he dipped them into the trough to wet them and keep them from sticking to the clay.

When, after about 40 seconds of what looked just like living growth, the clay shape was ready, the potter slipped a piece of wire (he told me it was a length of trace such as one uses for pike-fishing) between clay and wheel and put the shape on the plank in front, for Mrs Barnett to remove.

AFTERWARDS he made a vase specially for me to see how he could transform one shape into another. And every time it



Charles Sollom at the pottery where he works. The oven chimneys are a landmark of the Stoke district

reminded me of a slow-motion film of the growth of a bud or the opening of a flower.

He told me that it takes months and months of trial and failure before such skill is attained, and many a 15-year-old apprentice has broken down on the job and given it up.

"It takes some guts to learn this job," he said, smiling. "That's why I think I did better not to start until I was 17."

He showed me the second stage in making a cup. This consisted in putting each shape into one of the papier-mâché moulds which gave the exact shape of the base of the cup.

Then he put the mould into a brass vessel called a "chum," set the "chum" on the wheel, and

then pressed the shape to the mould so that it took the precise form of the cup. The batches of moulds are eventually carried away on a plank to the drying room, and so at last to the furnace for firing.

THE potter also showed me several little objects called "profiles" which he cuts out of thick sheet rubber. With these, fastened to an arm in a little post on the plank in front of him, he can give various standard shapes to the outside of the spinning clay on the wheel.

Of course, there are many other processes in making pottery—including hand-painting—but the most marvellous of them is that of the potter and his wheel.



Charles Sollom shows Alan Ivimey the variable speed drive of the potter's wheel



A lump of clay rises under the potter's hands



The moist clay whirls round on the wheel and takes any shape those skilful fingers determine



Ponies in the Park

The LCC hope to establish Exmoor ponies in London's parks and open spaces, and the first three—bred in Scotland—are here seen meeting new friends in the Maryon Wilson Park, Woolwich. One of the aims in introducing them is to give pony rides to children.

SKYFARING FATHER AND SON

A FATHER and his son pilot two of BOAC's giant blue-and-silver Stratocruisers across the Atlantic. The father is 46-year-old Captain Lionel (Buddy) Messenger who this year became the first British pilot to complete 300 air crossings of the North Atlantic. Keeping the flying spirit within the family is his 24-year-old son, First Officer P. L. Messenger, who joined the trans-Atlantic service a few months ago.

"Buddy" Messenger, a genial character who is reckoned to be one of the most experienced airmen in the British Commonwealth, started his flying career with the R.A.F. in 1920. After serving on the North-West Frontier, he joined Imperial Airways in 1927 and helped to pioneer several of their overseas services.

Among his many flying adventures Captain Messenger will always remember a journey in 1941 when he was flying on the

wartime North Atlantic Return Ferry Service. Shortly after taking-off in a Liberator, he encountered his most unwelcome passenger. It was an unfortunate seagull which crashed through his windscreen. As the Liberator was fully laden for a trans-Atlantic trip, and therefore well over the prescribed landing weight, "Buddy" and his co-pilot had to straighten things out, grin, and fly on. They crossed the Atlantic with a shattered windscreen in the cockpit and an outside temperature of 18 degrees below freezing.

Captain Messenger has been flying the North Atlantic ever since, and has logged nearly three million miles and carried many thousands of passengers.

First Officer P. L. Messenger, carrying on the tradition, learned to fly in Canada when he was eighteen. He started with a Canadian air charter company and, after gaining sufficient experience in commercial flying, joined BOAC in 1948.

A Great Occasion For St Andrews

SCOTLAND'S oldest university, St Andrews, has been celebrating a great occasion—the 500th anniversary of the foundation of St Salvador's College by one of Scotland's many great sons, Bishop Kennedy.

St Andrews University was founded in 1411, and the teaching was carried on in various buildings in this "old grey city by the sea" until 1450 when the Bishop of St Andrews, James Kennedy, founded and endowed the College of St Salvador. In 1747 the college was joined with St Leonard's College as the United College of St Salvador and St Leonard, and that is the college's name today.

Bishop Kennedy was a man who strove for peace and reform during times of turbulence and treachery. He went to Italy to ask the Pope's permission to carry out reform to get rid of abuses in the Church, but received no encouragement. Back among his own warlike people he was often able to use his influence to make peace between

quarrelsome noblemen. He also brought about a long truce between Scotland and England.

He died in 1466 and was buried in a beautifully-decorated tomb which can be seen in the university chapel, the Church of St Salvador, which he also built. The spirit of the great man lives on in the United College, and has inspired many of its students to make notable contributions to the political, scholarly, and religious life of Scotland.

DESTRUCTIVE JET

AUTHORITIES responsible for airfields are making experiments to find a material for runways that will withstand the tremendous blast and heat of jet engines.

The exhaust from a jet engine can, in a short time, "dig" a furrow in a runway made of tarmacadam and asphalt, or crack concrete standings, and melt the bituminous fillings between concrete blocks.

RED FLANNEL PROBLEM

THE Charity Commissioners have set a problem for the Revd C. F. Hodges, rector of Ickham, near Canterbury.

He is responsible for disposing of the income of various charities left by former residents for the benefit of parishioners. He has done this previously by lumping the incomes together and distributing coal to needy villagers.

But now the Charity Commissioners say that "the income of each charity must be applied in accordance with the trusts affecting it." But the terms of the various trusts worry the rector.

One charity has to be dispensed in red flannel petticoats. And red flannel cannot be obtained, nor are petticoats made from it as fashionable as once they were. Another charity states that £3 10s is to be given annually to "deserving poor persons who shall be regular attendants at church," and 10s to the poor.

The rector presumes, he says in his magazine, this latter refers to "undeserving poor," since the distinction is made, and considers that it "will require considerable tact in its distribution."

But at least he is able to end on a cheerful note. "Under one will I see that £1 is to be paid to the officiating minister."

Schoolboy Explorers in Norway

A STRENUOUS camping holiday amid glaciers and snow-capped mountains in Arctic Norway has been enjoyed by 55 boys of the British Schools' Exploring Society, now back in England. Together with six Norwegian lads they have been exploring a wild mountainous region near the Swedish border east of Narvik.

A base camp was first established near Kraakmo, then all hands carried equipment to establish another camp higher in the mountains in an area which was to be surveyed and mapped. The survey party kept in touch with the base camp by morse signalling from a mountain ridge twice daily, and boys from the base camp carried up supplies to them as needed.

Other parties of boys undertook studies of the plant and animal life, and the geology of this remote part of northern Norway. Long marches through rugged country were carried out.

The hardy young explorers have gathered much information of scientific value, and have also brought back pleasant memories of their generous Norwegian hosts.

Good Turn



This young lassie was willing to lend a back to move the double-bass at a Highland meeting.

The Editor's Table

TELEVISION'S ONWARD MARCH

THE silver jubilee of the first television transmission falls next week, and it is time to look at its potentialities.

In five years the links will stretch right across Britain, and people in every part of the country will be able to see as well as hear instantaneously—a modern miracle which means that millions of homes will have a picture of events and a record of art and culture unsurpassed in the history of man.

Soon we shall take television for granted, just like radio; from being a novelty the new miracle will take its place in our personal and national life. What will be the results?

Some prophets foretell the doom of reading, and the decay of books. But much the same thing was said when radio first became part of our everyday life; and, as we all know, radio stimulated inquiry and made the demand for good reading more widespread. Television will probably have a similar effect, for the stimulus of seeing always stirs the mind to know more.

To many people television will merely become a new source of amusement. But if control is kept in the right hands this march of vision will add to the richness of human life.

O FOR A GREEN FIELD

APPEALING recently for more playing fields for young people, the Archbishop of York pointed out that the number of people killed or injured on the roads last year (176,000), clearly illustrated the physical danger of the street playground.

But he pointed to the moral dangers, too, to boys who have nowhere but the street to play. "They want adventure," he said, "but adventure in the streets with a boy who is bored with life quickly becomes mischief, and repeated mischief may easily deteriorate to crime."

"To children from overcrowded, dark, and miserable homes, the sole alternative to the streets is often the crowded cinema. It is better for them to play in the fresh air, though the hard road is a miserable makeshift for the green grass of the well-kept recreation ground."

FIFTH FORMERS—AND OTHERS—PLEASE NOTE

ALMOST any girl in the fifth form of any school to-day knows more facts than Solomon or Plato. But does she know more about what ultimately matters in life?

Every day increases the sheer weight of knowledge put into our hands, some new control over natural processes. What we cannot control is ourselves.

Our age is being forcibly reminded that knowledge is no substitute for wisdom.

The Bishop of Southwell

His Most Exciting Day

JOHN BURRELL, whose production of *Peter Pan* is breaking all records in New York, tells a delightful story of the six-year-old who plays the part of Michael.

When taken into the empty theatre to get used to flying between the scenery, the lad watched, spellbound, and then said to his mother:

"Mom, I guess this is the most exciting day of my life." Then, correcting himself, "No, it's the second most exciting."

"How's that?" asked his mother.

"Well, the most exciting day must have been the day I was born!" A remark that Barrie himself would have been the first to appreciate.

LUCKY THIRTEEN

SIXTY years ago a young woman deliberately wore green at her wedding, a terrible thing to do according to superstitious people—"it makes the fairies jealous." The young woman went farther, she defied the awful number 13, by deliberately getting married on the 13th of the month.

Mrs Sophia Kettle, as she now is, continued doing frightfully unlucky things. Doubtless she looked at the new Moon through glass, spilt salt, walked under ladders, opened umbrellas indoors, made bold assertions without "touching wood."

None of it seems to have done her any harm. Recently she and her husband gave their diamond wedding party at Coombe in Surrey—at which all the knives on the table were carefully crossed!

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

IF all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary, opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

John Stuart Mill.

Under the E



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

If a watchdog goes
by clockwork?

A POLICEMAN'S wife says she never knows what to buy her husband as a present. Can't go much for a copper.

A MOUSE made its nest in eight £1 notes at Sidcup. Wanted her family to be rolling in money.

CARPETS are to cost more. But they will go down.

INCREASED flat rate prices are announced by the South Eastern Gas Board. Won't they apply to houses?

A M. he Hope h

THINGS SAID

THE purpose of Britain's re-armament is peace—to negotiate from strength for the purpose of arriving at a lasting settlement.

Anthony Eden, M P

THE doors of our churches are open to all regardless of race or colour; although considerations of language and situation give us African and European churches, Europeans are free to worship in African churches and vice versa.

Bishop of Southern Rhodesia

ALL nations should devise a means of international protection of children, even in times of war. They should devise a sign, like the Red Cross, that would protect places where children were collected together.

The Begum Shaista Ikramullah, of Pakistan

WE have had an epidemic of broken voices.

Revd Crowther Smith, appealing for choir boys

A KISS FOR BABY



Prince Charles greets his baby sister, Princess Anne

JUST AN IDEA

As Tennyson wrote:
Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

ditor's Table

SOME jams are not popular.
Especially traffic jams.

MEN learn by doing. And sometimes by being done.

MANY fishermen expect a critical herring season. Wonder what the herrings will criticise.

ONLY children are sometimes difficult to manage. And not only children.



AN says that when picking apples goes over his tree two or three times. e lands on his feet.

Michaelmas Day

SEPTEMBER 29 is Michaelmas Day, the Festival of St Michael and All Angels, a day steeped in tradition and custom.

At Kidderminster, for example, it was the day when the town Bailiff was elected. The townspeople would gather in a few of its main streets and wait for the ringing of the town-house bell at three o'clock. Then, for one "lawless hour" they would throw cabbage stalks at each other. During this hour no one could be arrested for damage done. At 4 o'clock, the Bailiff elect and the Corporation went to visit the old Bailiff at the town house, and, as they arrived, the gentry of the town who were waiting outside threw apples at them!

MICHAELMAS is also traditionally a time for the eating of goose. A likely reason for the custom is that for centuries Michaelmas Day has been a Quarter Day and that tenants faced with payment of rents would take a good stubble goose to the landlord in the hope that it would make him lenient towards them. After good stubble feeding, the geese were at their best at Michaelmas, and, in some instances, the goose formed part of the rent. The landlords, obviously, would have an abundance of geese on their hands.

In this way, probably, the custom of eating goose on Michaelmas Day first arose. Certainly it became such an established custom that Norfolk people used to say, "If you do not baste the goose on Michaelmas Day, you will want money all the year." But whatever the origin of the custom, few people will be averse to eating goose again this Michaelmas.

FAREWELL, LITTLE SHIP

OLD ships, large or small, which have had their day, find a resting-place beneath the waves.

A few months ago the old *Implacable* was saluted as it went down in the Channel. Now it is the turn of the little *Amaryllis*, which for over thirty years has served the naval cadets at Dartmouth as a training ship.

In *Amaryllis* the cadets have hauled on the ropes, sweated at the capstan, and swung the sails into the wind. But time has brought its changes for the stout little ship. Her former owner, Lieutenant Mulhauser, once sailed her round the world and back to Dartmouth; now she is old and has served her time.

So *Amaryllis*, rich in memories of a proud record, goes out to her final home in the Channel with all her flags flying.

Book of Books

THE Bible stands alone in human literature, in its elevated conception of manhood, in character and conduct.

Henry Ward Beecher



At the Wheel

One of Britain's youngest farmers is seven-year-old Rodney Giddings, seen here at the wheel of a tractor on his father's farm near Devizes, Wiltshire.

The Playroom at Pimphall Farm

A 16TH-CENTURY barn, furnished with two old farm carts and other relics, has just become a playroom for children in the Chingford district of Essex.

They are at Pimphall Farm, and the story of their transformation goes back to 1935, when the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings carried out a survey at the request of the local authority and recommended the use of the barn for this purpose. War stopped restoration work, but it has now been completed.

The farm itself has a fascinating history, for it is said to have been given by the King on condition that the farmer did homage to the rector. There is a description of the Act of Homage performed in 1659, when Samuel Haddon came to the rectory together with his wife and two servants.

He blew three blasts with a horn and received from the rector a chicken for his hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, a loaf of bread for his hound, and a dinner for himself, his wife, his manservant, and his maidservant. After dinner he blew three more blasts with his horn, and paid 12 pence before leaving.

BIGGEST BOARD IN THE WORLD?

ONE of the biggest boards in the world has been presented to the Auckland City Council, New Zealand. It may even be the biggest.

It is a piece of timber from the heart of a giant kauri pine tree believed to have been a thousand years old.

As large as the top of a very big table, this kauri board is 13 feet 10 inches long and 7 feet 4 inches wide, and is two inches thick. A tall man with his hands stretched above his head could lie across the board and just reach the sides.

Thirty-five years ago this big board was cut from a kauri log which had been towed to Auckland in a raft of logs. This fine specimen of kauri timber will be exhibited at Auckland Town Hall.

Much of New Zealand's kauri forest has been cut down to make houses, and the remaining kauri trees are mostly in the Dominion's forest reserves.

The Astonishing Sarah Biffin

THOUGH few people have ever heard her name, Sarah Biffin, who died on October 2 just a century ago, was in her way one of the most remarkable of all the many thousands who have won a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

She was born—at Quantoxhead, near Bridgewater, in Somerset—without arms or legs; yet, as she grew up, she showed the will and courage to overcome these appalling physical disabilities by making her mouth do the work of hands. By practice and industry she became proficient with pencil, brush, and needle—even scissors. She could sew and make her own clothes; her writing was good; and she was no mean artist.

Sarah's parents were poor, and she was bound as an apprentice for 16 years to an instructor named Duke or Dukes, who later exhibited her at fairs. On payment of a few coppers people could see the poor afflicted girl

at work. Such were the "Good old days"!

She specialised in painting landscapes and miniatures, having had some instruction in the latter by a master of the art, W. M. Craig. She would paint a person's likeness in miniature on ivory for three guineas, and there was considerable demand for her autograph.

In later life Sarah was given commissions by members of the Royal Family, and in 1821 was awarded a medal by the Society of Artists. But, as was only to be expected, her powers declined as she grew older. She died at Liverpool at the age of 66, but she is remembered as an astonishing example of the human power to triumph over affliction.

A STAGE FOR ALL THE WORLD

THE theatre has been described as the most effective instrument of culture, the living element of education, and one of the surest ways to international understanding.

Those words were part of a recent message sent by the Director-General of Unesco to the International Theatre Institute, one of the youngest of the specialised agencies of the United Nations; and some such idea lay behind the decisions taken at Prague in 1948 to found the Institute, "whose purpose is to promote international exchange of knowledge and practices in theatre arts . . ."

The organisation, which now has 25 members, attempts to fulfil the terms of its charter by

facilitating the exchange of information on theatrical matters, and by helping managers, directors, authors, designers, actors, and others to pursue their studies in other countries.

In each member country a National Centre, representative of its theatrical life, is charged with the duty of furthering I T I's plans. Many of these centres have organised International Theatre Weeks, and in the United States the celebrations were extended to a month.

Future plans for I T I include a glossary of theatrical terms in five languages; a study of children's theatres throughout the world; and the possible creation of an International Theatre in Paris.

Safety Hints For Climbers

SOME useful advice to mountain climbers is given in a large notice posted up throughout Snowdonia. It has eight cartoons, including a warning picture of a stretcher carrying an injured man down a mountain side, and advises against any climbing in bad weather.

"Snow, frost, or mist are especially dangerous," it warns, and advises climbers to "Have a definite plan in mind; stick to it and make it known to others. Remember the winter day is

short—allow for this; seek advice from climbers, shepherds, keepers, or the police."

Further counsel it that there should be at least three in your party. "If an accident occurs one should stay with the injured person while the third should summon assistance. Mark the spot well—you will have to return to it."

These are words which all climbers, young or old, will do well to bear in mind when next they don their climbing boots.



OUR HOMELAND

Kinnoull Castle, overlooking the Tay Valley, Perthshire

Secrets of the Caves

NEAR Craig-y-Nos Castle, in the Swansea Valley, some caves have recently been discovered that are of great interest to scientists from many countries of Western Europe.

Professor Jean Corbel of Lyons has confirmed that a stalactite found in one of the cave grottos was of a very rare formation and was coloured blue because of the presence of copper sulphate. Professor Corbel was also greatly pleased with the "straw" stalactites found in the same grotto.

The South Wales Caving Club are busily exploring the inner recesses of these caves, collapsible boats having been used to explore the cave known as Danyrogof. Several lakes were traversed to Ffynon Ddu, the last of the caves to be discovered, and entrance to this cave was attained along a passage a quarter-of-a-mile long discovered earlier.

Already much interest has been aroused by the finding of coins, cooking pots, and other utensils going back to pre-historic times. In a cave known as Minchin Hole the archaeological section of the club discovered many interesting relics, including a bone implement to shape pottery of the Roman period, and bone spoons as well as coins.

British Scientists Lead

IN view of the present-day importance of atomic science, it is of interest to recall that British scientists have been responsible for the discovery of by far the largest number of elements.

In a recent article in the *Powell Duffryn Review* a writer points out that of 68 recorded discoveries 23 were by British subjects, 18 by Germans, and 13 by Swedes. The other elements of which there is any record of discovery are credited to scientists of France (10), Spain (2), Switzerland and Russia (1 each).

Steps to Sporting Fame



Ray Middleton, now well on the way to 600 appearances for Chesterfield, is the best goalkeeper the club has had since Sam Hardy, more than 40 years ago.



A war-time miner, Ray insured his hands for £2000. He joined Chesterfield from Boldon, near Sunderland, where Sam Bartram, of Charlton, another famous goalkeeper, also made his start in football.

Ray Middleton



Ray's influence spreads far beyond the football field. He is a lay preacher, and for a long time has given up three evenings a week to assist youth clubs. In February he was made a magistrate.



On February 22 Ray Middleton was awarded his first international honour, playing for England's "B" team against Holland. In May he went on the Continental tour, appearing against Italy, Holland, and Luxembourg.

Mountain Village of Youth

FOR the third summer in succession young people from many lands have been building a new type of village in the Italian mountains near the village of Praly above Turin.

Most of them have now reached home to tell a tale of friendship and community which began out of one man's idea. He is Pastor Tullio Vinay, the leader of the youth movement of the Waldensian Church in Italy. He wished to set his young people to work with their hands and brains to build a memorial to the past which should really serve the present.

Pastor Vinay fired his young people with the idea of building a centre in the mountains which should be their own and yet shared with anybody who came in friendship. What should they call it? A name to stir the imagination was required. One popular suggestion was to name the village Waldo, after the 12th-century Frenchman who started the movement of The Poor in Spirit which eventually moved over the Alps and became the Waldensian Church of today.

Most Important Gift

Pastor Vinay, however, was not anxious to preserve just a memory, so he suggested *Agape*, the Greek word which in the New Testament means "love." That idea caught on, and today *Agape* is rising in the mountains.

All over Italy people have given money, wood, grain, stones, cement, and tools toward the building of *Agape*. But the most important gift has been the manual work put in by the youth of many nations. This summer young people from Germany were welcomed at *Agape*.

The main community building is now practically completed, and round about it the living quarters will rise.

When it is finished the mountain village of *Agape* will be a visible sign of youth's enthusiasm and comradeship, and a lasting example of the practical outcome of one man's idea.

Turning Australia's Deserts Into Green Pastures

SOUTH AUSTRALIA is pioneering two great desert reclamation projects. On 1700-square-mile Kangaroo Island, off the mouth of St Vincent's Gulf, and in the Ninety Mile Desert, on the north-western border of Victoria and South Australia, more than 500,000 acres of desolate land are being converted into lush pasture by the application of scientific methods.

Plain country that has always been sterile, supporting only miserable, twisted eucalyptus trees, is being mechanically cleared, supplied with artificial manures and minerals, and planted with specially-bred clover and pasture grasses.

Australian agricultural scientists claim that within another three years this land, capable now of supporting only one sheep to 50 acres, will be transformed into pasture which in a normal season can support almost two sheep to the acre. Some go even further and claim that in a few years the land could safely and economically be used as dairying and fattening country.

Superphosphate, copper sulphate, and nitrogen are the

chemicals which form the miracle of transformation. The land is first cleared and turned over and ploughed; then one bag of superphosphate, 3½ lbs of copper sulphate, and sometimes a small quantity of magnesium and zinc, are distributed over each acre, together with a liberal seeding of subterranean clover.

Within a few weeks the red desert of ploughland is misted with green. At the end of the first year it looks like a rough, poor grazing paddock. At the end of the third it is densely matted with clover which, through its nitrogen bacteria, has

introduced the last basic element necessary to make highly-fertile land.

Both the Kangaroo Island and Ninety Mile Desert projects are based on soil and pasture research done by the Australian Government's Scientific Research Organisation and the Waite Institute in Adelaide.

They will increase Australia's sheep population by at least one million, but their real significance lies more in what they promise to the rest of Australia, for they are prototypes to the vast development and reclamation necessary in the arid centre of Australia.

AN ENGLISH MISS FOR MISSOURI

JUNE SYMONDS, 18-year-old schoolgirl from Wimbledon High School, has been selected by a committee of the trans-Atlantic Foundation to attend an American college for a year. She will attend Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, with a scholarship.

The Foundation promotes the exchange of Anglo-American students, but were asked by

Stephens College to select one girl from this country to represent Britain. Stephens College has 2500 girls and is the largest of its kind in the States with 250 acres of grounds, its own aerodrome and radio station, weekly newspaper, and library of 50,000 books. Musical equipment includes 140 pianos.

Wimbledon High School is paying Jean's fare to America.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN—Picture Version of Browning's Famous Poem (3)

The Pied Piper has rid Hamelin of its terrible plague of rats and has come to the market place to ask for the

agreed reward, a thousand guilders. But the ungrateful Mayor and Corporation, secure in the knowledge that

the rats have gone for ever—all drowned in the River Weser—go back on their promise, and offer him fifty.



The Piper's face fell, and he cried: "No trifling! I can't wait, beside! I've promised to visit by dinner-time Bagdad, and accept the prime Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in, For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen, Of a nest of scorpions no survivor; With him I proved no bargain-driver, With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver! And folks who put me in a passion May find me pipe to another fashion."



"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook Being worse treated than a Cook? Insulted by a lazy ribald With idle pipe and vesture piebald? You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst, Blow your pipe there till you burst!" Once more he stepped into the street; And to his lips again Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane; And ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft notes as yet musician's cunning Never gave the enraptured air).



There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling, Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering, Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering, Out came the children running. All the little boys and girls, With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after. The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.



The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of wood, Unable to move a step, or cry To the children merrily skipping by, And could only follow with the eye That joyous crowd at the Piper's back. But how the Mayor was on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Piper turned from the High Street To where the Weser rolled its waters Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

What will be the fate of the children of Hamelin? See the final instalment next week.

Another complete new story of Morgan of the Mounties THE CUNNING OF THE WILDS by Frank S. Pepper



Dark was falling over the lake as Corporal Tim Morgan of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police paddled his canoe toward the spot where he intended making camp for the night.

He was on a two-day trip from his post at Hemlock Valley to a settlement at the head of the lake, and scarcely expected to see anyone on the journey as it was late in the season and most of the visiting tourists had gone back to the cities.

But as Tim rounded a wooded point he was surprised to see a fire burning at his favourite camping-spot.

Tim ran his canoe into the shallows and sprang ashore. A powerful, aggressive-looking man was squatting in front of a tent and holding a sizzling frying-pan over the fire.

Tim saw at once that he was no woodsman, although he was dressed for the part. He was almost a fashion plate. His clothes were too new to have seen much service. He had obviously been outfitted from head to toe by some expensive city store.

As the man looked up Corporal Tim nodded pleasantly. Then his eye moved from the lake trout that were frying in the pan to others that were laid out on the ground, and he frowned.

Tim looked about him. It was unlikely that a city man, inexperienced in the ways of the wilds, would be camping up here alone. The camp site was well chosen, the fire skilfully laid, and there were two tents expertly pitched. From all the signs Tim knew that the man must be employing a guide.

Tim heard a light step. From the tall timber a dim figure emerged, laden with dry brush for the fire.

"Hallo, Indian Charlie!" Tim said softly.

Indian Charlie, the guide, caught sight of Tim standing by the silvery fish, and his face fell.

"Charlie, you should know better than this," Tim said gravely. "I suppose you figured that I'm always so busy, and have so much territory to cover, that I wouldn't bother to keep an eye on tourists this late in the season."

"Corporal Tim, it isn't my fault," protested the guide. "That Mist' Cavendish there, I told him and I told him, but he isn't listening—"

CAVENDISH gave the frying-pan a shake, and looked up impatiently.

"What's the trouble, corporal?" he demanded. "There's no law against fishing from this lake, is there?"

"You know very well there isn't," Tim retorted. "But there is a regulation about the number of fish you're allowed to take out in one day, and you've gone way above your quota."

"Poppycrock," snorted Cavendish. "There are people who make rules just for the fun of the thing, but I don't have to abide by them if I don't wish to. Go ahead and make something of this if you feel it's your duty. I don't mind paying the fine."

"I'm sure you don't," Tim retorted coldly. "But if I take this matter up officially you aren't the one who will suffer most. You're a rich man, I guess, and a fine won't hurt you. But how about Indian Charlie? He could lose his guide's licence, and his livelihood."

"Why do people make these stupid rules, anyway?" demanded Cavendish. "Why shouldn't I catch as many fish as I please? It doesn't hurt anyone."

"There was a time when amateur fishermen came up here and caught fish by the dozen, and left them to rot because there was nothing to be done with them. If that kind of thing had been allowed to go on there'd have been no trout left in the lake in a few years," Tim pointed out. "So we limit the catch to what a man can eat. Isn't that sensible?"

"Then I'm going to eat these others for my breakfast," retorted

Cavendish. "Will that satisfy you?"

"This once. But in future don't exceed your quota," Tim warned, "or I'll have to take action and that's going to be bad for Indian Charlie."

Tim busied himself putting up his own tent. He planned to make an early start the next morning, for he had a long day ahead of him.

He was rousing himself out of his sleeping-bag, a little after dawn, when he heard Cavendish yelling angrily.

"Corporal! Charlie! Which of you played this trick on me?"

Tim scrambled up, and ran to Cavendish's tent. The tourist was sitting up on his brushwood bed and pointing furiously towards the fish he had been saving for his breakfast. There was hardly anything left except the bones, and he appeared to be under the impression that one or other of his companions had eaten them, raw, during the night.

Tim glanced round, and soon found what he was looking for. During the night a wild animal had burrowed under the wall of the tent and had eaten the fish.

"You had a visitor during the night," Tim said. "A fox."

Cavendish looked shocked.

"You mean a fox got right in here while I was asleep?" he asked foolishly.

"That's right," chuckled Tim. "Now perhaps you begin to see sense. Hardly worth risking a fine to provide Brother Fox with a free breakfast, was it? I hope you'll take a lesson, and not cause Charlie any more worry."

DURING the day Tim completed his business at the settlement and started back to the Hemlock Valley post. Just before dusk he was once more at the camp site.

His face darkened with anger when the first thing he saw was that Cavendish, stubborn and unrepentant, had exceeded his fishing quota again.

"We weren't expecting you back," he scowled. "All right, go ahead and fine me. I couldn't care less."

"No, please, Corporal Tim!" cried Indian Charlie. "Don't turn in a report on this."

Tim scowled angrily. Cavendish was a selfish, conceited, and headstrong man, used to getting his own way because he could afford to pay for it. He needed to be taught a lesson, but a legal fine wouldn't hurt him.

Tim snorted.

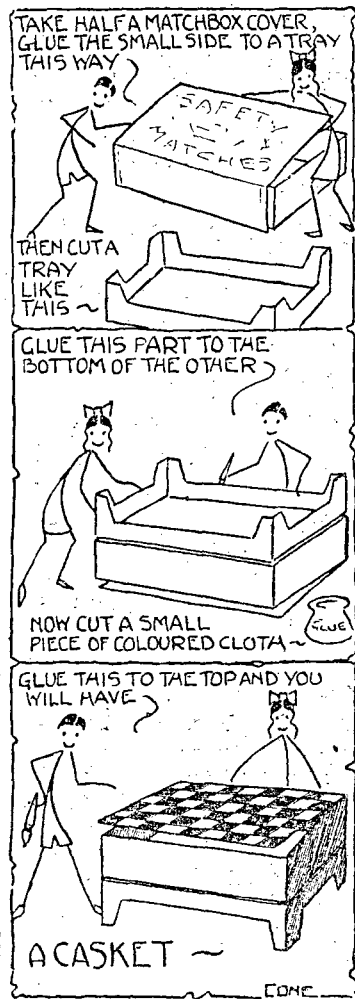
"It beats me how such a stupid man could ever become a success in business," he declared. "I guess all city people must be plumb half-witted to let a chump like you take money from them."

"So you think I'm stupid?" cried Cavendish angrily. "You think I'm just a tenderfoot just because I let a fox steal my breakfast. But I'm smart because I never make the same mistake twice. I can learn from experience. Nothing in this wilderness is going to take my breakfast away a second time."

"Big words," challenged Jim, "but would you be prepared to gamble on them?"

"You think I'm just talking hot air?" demanded Cavendish. "All right. If I lose my breakfast this time I'll undertake never to fish more than my quota again. How's that?"

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COINS OF CANUTE

ANCIENT English coins were among treasure discovered by workmen digging the foundations for a new post office at Trondheim, Norway's old capital.

There are about 800 coins, and some of them bear the impression of the Anglo-Saxon King Ethelred, and others the imprint of King Canute. They may throw light on an early chapter of Norwegian history.

The coins may have been given to one of his supporters by Canute, King of Denmark and England, when he visited Trondheim in 1028. But after the Battle of Stiklestad in 1030 those who had supported Canute were branded as traitors, and it is possible that the owner of these coins may have buried them to hide incriminating evidence against himself. In the hoard were other coins of German and Arabic origin.

Precious Stones

MR F. DERHAM GREEN, an officer of the Crown Law Department, of Darwin, was driving along the Arltunga Road, 32 miles east of Alice Springs, when he noticed some stones of a peculiar colour.

He picked some of them up and took them to the Director of Mines. They proved to be radioactive, and, as a result, an area in this neighbourhood ten miles long and two miles wide has been declared a mining reserve.

This was the third deposit of uranium found in the Northern Territory of Australia, which promises to be a new El Dorado.

Australian Schoolboys to See Britain

THROUGH a scheme promoted by a Melbourne newspaper, one hundred Australian schoolboys will visit Britain next year on a four-month educational tour which would normally cost each of them £1000. Every schoolboy in the State of Victoria who will be 13 on January 1, 1951, and under 17 on June 1, becomes eligible for selection, subject to certain conditions, and the trip will cost him nothing.

The boys will leave Australia next April, and reach London on May 11. By the co-operation of British Churches and the Overseas League they will be billeted in private homes during their six-week stay in Britain, with meals and transport provided at every stopping-place. Special buses will be chartered to carry the travellers to places of interest throughout England and Scotland.

The young travellers will even receive pocket-money, at thirty

shillings a week, from the time they leave home.

To qualify for the trip, a boy must be sponsored by his local municipal council, which must raise £250 toward the cost. He will then be required to sit for a written examination, after which a minimum of five boys from each town will be interviewed by a panel of judges. These will include the chairman of the Australian Council for Educational Research (Dr K. S. Cunningham), and a nominee of the Melbourne Sun, the newspaper which has undertaken to meet all administrative costs. The panel will make the final selection.

The scheme has the blessing of the Federal and Victorian Governments, and the Victorian Government has voted £1000 to be spent on food parcels for the travellers, while the Education Department is releasing teacher-leaders to accompany the boys.

JOHN EVELYN'S HOUSE

WORTON HOUSE near Dorking, home of the famous 17th-century diarist John Evelyn, which from the 16th century to the 20th was occupied by a member of the Evelyn family, is to become a National Fire Service college.

This Elizabethan mansion contained many treasures. John Evelyn's manuscripts were preserved there, and also the blood-stained prayer book used by Charles I at his execution, a lock of Charles's hair, a Bible in which John Evelyn wrote marginal comments, and a pinch of Guy Fawkes's gunpowder in a paper with Evelyn's handwriting.

The present representative of the family, Mr C. J. A. Evelyn, has lent most of the John Evelyn manuscripts and the King Charles relics to Christ Church, Oxford.

Soccer Schools

THE first "residential football schools" for boys have been attended by 85 boys from 20 public and grammar schools.

The courses, organised by the Football Association, were held at Shrewsbury School and the national recreation centre of the Central Council of Physical Recreation at Bisham Abbey, Bucks. For five days the boys had an intensive training in Association football—in playing, captaincy, coaching, and in the history and laws of the game. The boys were mostly games prefects, or school football captains.

ARMY OF TRUSTY ANIMALS

MOST of us would stoutly maintain that our own dogs, cats, or ponies are "Trusties," and we can therefore consider ourselves eligible to be enrolled in the Army of Trusty Animals, which is being formed by the Animal Health Trust, an organisation for the scientific care of animals.

This four-footed army is part of the new Junior Membership Scheme of the A.H.T., a scheme to interest young people in the Trust's work. Boys and girls under 14 can now become members of the Trust for a yearly sum of 2s 6d—for those

between 14 and 18 the subscription is 5s. Members' dogs, ponies, or other animals can also be enrolled in the Army of Trusty Animals (5s for a life membership), the member enrolling them receiving a certificate on which the pet's name is inscribed.

Members themselves also receive certificates and a special badge, and are entitled to free advice from the Trust about their pets' health. The Trust's headquarters are 232-5 Abbey House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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THE BRAN TUB

Fresh

THEY were discussing a mutual acquaintance.

"He would be no good in that post," said one. "He has no conscience whatever."

"You are wrong," said another. "He has, and it's as good as new because it's never been used."

Iceland and Greenland

ICELAND is not the land of ice that its name suggests. There are some glaciers, as there are in Switzerland, but the climate is not very severe in winter, and is warm in summer.

Greenland, on the other hand, is almost entirely covered with ice, only narrow strips along the coast being inhabitable.

His Very Own

THE election of the club president was taking place. One man, speaking in praise of his nominee, said:

"You may be sure that Mr Soanso is a man who keeps his word."

"Yes," came a voice from the audience, "because nobody else will take it."

Some Stoker

S AID a merry old fellow from Stoke, "People think me an odd kind of bloke, For I like eating coal, Logs of wood are top-hole, But my favourite food is grilled coke."

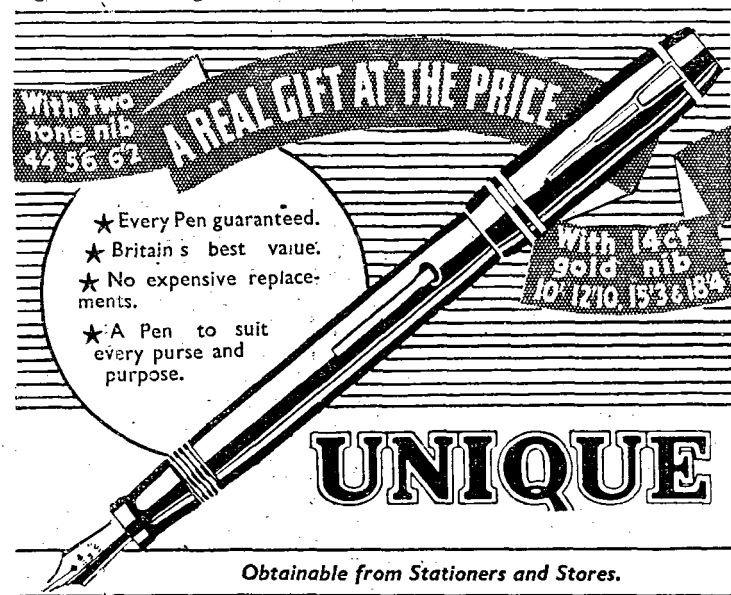
Countryside Flowers

BY roadsides and bordering fields the blue, dandelion-like flowers of Wild Succory, or Chicory, grow.

The flowers are stalkless and nestle together in twos and threes from top to bottom of the stems, which are branching and upright, very tough, and sometimes reach a height of three feet.

The leaves vary, being notched and spread. Higher up they are smaller and grow direct from the stem.

The roots are used for colouring and flavouring coffee.



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Jacko Goes A-Nutting



"HEIGH HO! That's for me," chortled Jacko as he caught sight of the bush full of ripe nuts. He ignored the "Trespassers" notice, and soon his basket was chock-full. He was just about to leave when he saw the farmer approaching, and so Jacko quickly dived behind the bush. Too quickly, in fact, for he landed on a bunch of thorns. With a wild shout Jacko leapt up, showering the astonished farmer with nuts! Jacko has now reached the conclusion—with the aid of the farmer's stick—that trespassing does not pay!

What Are They?

A MAN made shoes but not of leather, All the four elements mixed together: Fire, water, earth, and air, Every customer took two pair.

Answer next week

A Bargain

A SMALL boy walked into the village store and asked for sixpennyworth of ipecacuanha.

"Would you put it on Mummie's account, please?" said the boy.

The shopkeeper opened his account book, thought for a moment, then closed the book with a snap.

"Here! You take it, sonny, and pay me when you next pass by. I'd sooner give it to you than have to spell it."

Crossing The Line

I CROSSED the line; And (strange) twas cold. No ducking mine, Mid Neptune's fold. I crossed the line, You can't deny. Twas rather fine: I scored a try!

What Is It?

Cut down, yet saved with much ado and pain; Scattered, dispersed yet gathered up again; Withered though young, though dying yet perfumed; Laid up with care, but yet to be consumed

Answer next week

The Expert

THE tramp had made very little progress with the pile of wood he had been set to chop.

"You are a slow worker," remarked the farmer. "But I expect you are quick at some things."

"Yes," replied the tramp; "I can get tired quicker than anybody you know."

Nine Days' Wonder

ASK a friend this little teaser:

A box has nine ears of corn inside it. A squirrel takes out three ears every day and yet takes nine days to remove all of the ears. Can you explain this?

If he gives up, you point out that the squirrel takes out each day an ear of corn and his own two ears.

Riddle-my-Name

IN thus, not in therefore; In why, not in wherefore. In soldier, not sailor; In tinker, not tailor; In oboe, not cymbal; In gyre, not in gimble. This boy's, strange to say, A port far away.

Answer next week

Farmer Gray Explains

A Winged Monster. For a moment Don thought it was a sparrow hovering by the flowers. Suddenly he realised it was a huge moth, but before he could get closer it darted off.

"It must have been a Death's Head Hawk Moth," Don told Farmer Gray. "It flew away so quickly I did not have time to see it properly."

"Probably a Convolvulus Hawk Moth," replied the farmer. "During September they are often seen hovering over the flowers. Although not so large in body, the wing span equals that of the death's head and sometimes exceeds it, often measuring over five inches. An amazing feature of the Convolvulus Hawk Moth is its tongue, which reaches a length of seven inches."

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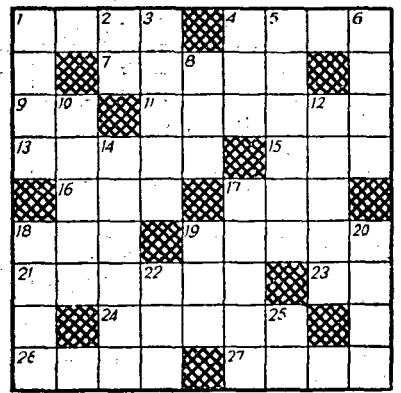
SAID Giles: "On my birthday, except in leap years, there are exactly three times as many days of the year gone as there are days to come." When is Giles's birthday?

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Precious metal. 4 The Thames at Oxford. 7 To reproach. 9 Famous motor-cycle race. 11 Natural. 13 To obliterate. 15 To attempt. 16 One out of many. 17 The sheltered side. 18 To perform. 19 Supports an artist's canvas. 21 A salad vegetable. 23 In this manner. 24 Having ears. 26 A sudden rapid motion. 27 Part played by an actor.

Reading Down. 1 Means of exit or entrance. 2 Lieutenant. 3 Common meadow flower. 4 A lodging-house. 5 Expresses. 6 A Scottish salmon river. 8 One in French. 10 To delineate. 12 Big plants. 14 Stag's horn. 17 Stratam. 18 Sour. 19 To make mistakes. 20 Solitary. 22 To consume. 25 To accomplish.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week



Did He Mean It?

TED: Dad, I've been put into the class football team.

Dad: Good. What position?

Ted: I'm not quite sure; I think I'm a draw-back.

Last Week's Answers

So Simple! Letters of the alphabet

Curious Word: There are several; for example: league, plague, boast

September Halves: Virgil, Steele, Howard, Nelson, Brunel, Dvorak

Riddle-my-Name: Dennis (sinned reversed)

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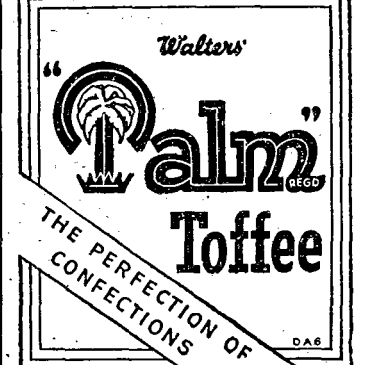
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